

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL®



Cullen Bunn  Ramon Rosanas



One minute tacos,
the next minute...
DEAD!



Deadpool awakes from a food coma to find New York City overrun with half-sentient zombies! And they don't much like the whole starving-for-live-flesh thing. Can the Merc with a Mouth avoid becoming the Merc in their mouths? Thrill to the sight of a hideous, rotting-fleshed monsters shambling about the landscape — and don't forget all the zombies he's fighting! (Get it? That first one referred to Deadpool. Who says zombie horror comics can't have a little humor?) Cullen Bunn, writer of the fan-favorite "Deadpool Killogy," brings us one of Deadpool's darkest tales ever — and we're not just saying that because it's in black and white (and red)! You've been warned, my friends! So ring the dinner bell and nail shut the door as Deadpool takes on the ambulatory undead!

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL®



Collecting *Night of the Living Deadpool* #1-4,
written by Cullen Bunn and
illustrated by Ramon Rosanas.

MARVEL
PARENTAL ADVISORY

Cullen Bunn **MARVEL** Ramon Rosanas

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL



MARVEL

1

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!**

BUNN
ROSANAS

NIGHT OF THE LIVING **DEADPOOL**

CULLEN BUNN
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VC'S JOE SABINO
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DAN BUCKEY
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WE'VE ALL HEARD THAT OLD, APOCALYPTIC ADAGE, RIGHT?



THE WORLD WILL END... NOT WITH A BANG... BUT WITH A WHIMPER.



NONONONONO--

THE PAINFUL TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS A LITTLE DIFFERENT, THOUGH, AIN'T IT?

NOOOOOOOOO!

BECAUSE THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS THAT THE WORLD KEEPS ON KEEPING ON.

NEEEAAAARRRGHHH!

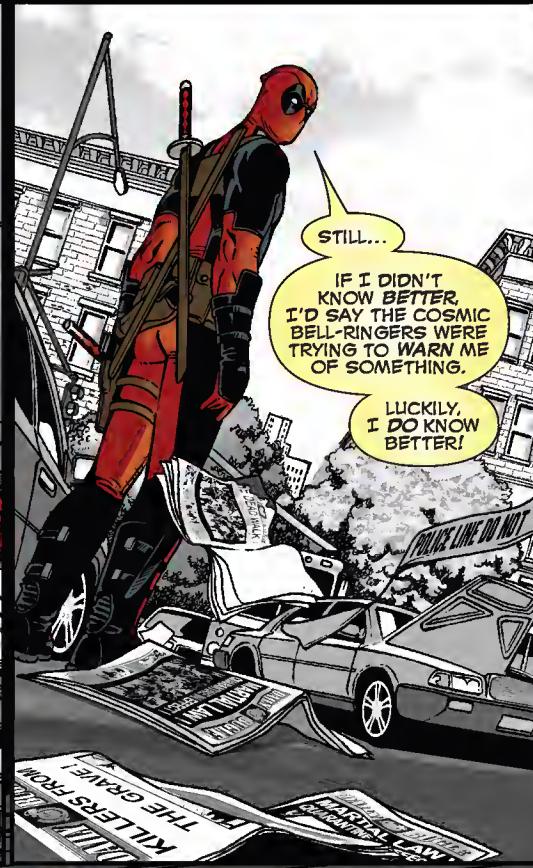
ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT

WE JUST AIN'T IN CHARGE ANY MORE.

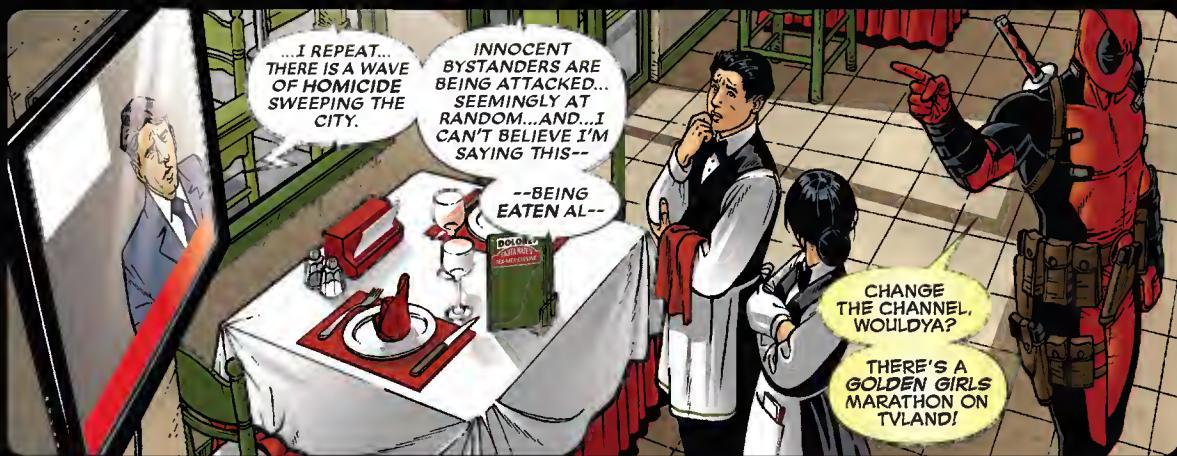














WATCH OUT, LADIES! MY STOCK IS RISING!



HELLLLLLL OOOOOOOOOOOOO















DON'T
JUST STAND
THERE.
SHAKE ASS
IF YOU WANNA
LIVE!







YEAH.
SOME OF 'EM
TALK.

BUT IT'S
LIKE LEFTOVER
CONSCIOUSNESS...
RIDING ALONG IN
THEIR UNDEAD
HUSK...

...THEY
CAN'T CONTROL
THE BODY...OR
STOP THEM
FROM KILLING
PEOPLE...

THEY'RE
JUST HELPLESS
SPECTATORS 'TIL
THE BRAIN
DIES.

NNNN

I KNOW YOU,
DON'T I?

DEADPOOL,
RIGHT?

DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
ME.

WHAT ABOUT
ALL THE OTHER
HEROES...THEY'RE
TRYING TO STOP
THIS, RIGHT?

OTHER
HEROES?

BUDDY,
THIS EPIDEMIC
HIT ALL OVER THE
WORLD...AND IT
HIT FAST...

THE HEROES
WHO DIDN'T DIE
RIGHT OFF THE BAT
WERE SPREAD
TOO THIN.

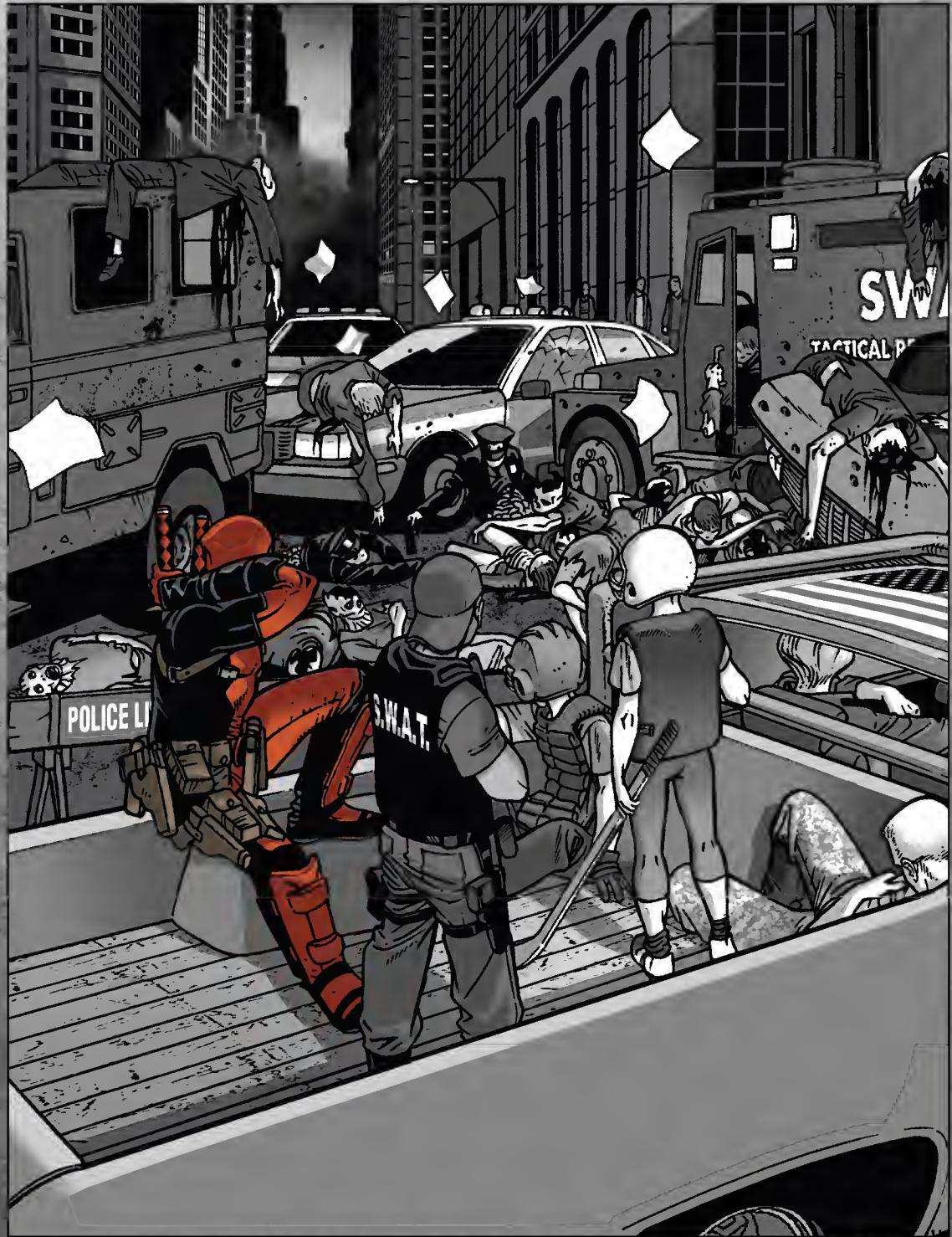
THEY
DIDN'T STAND
A CHANCE.

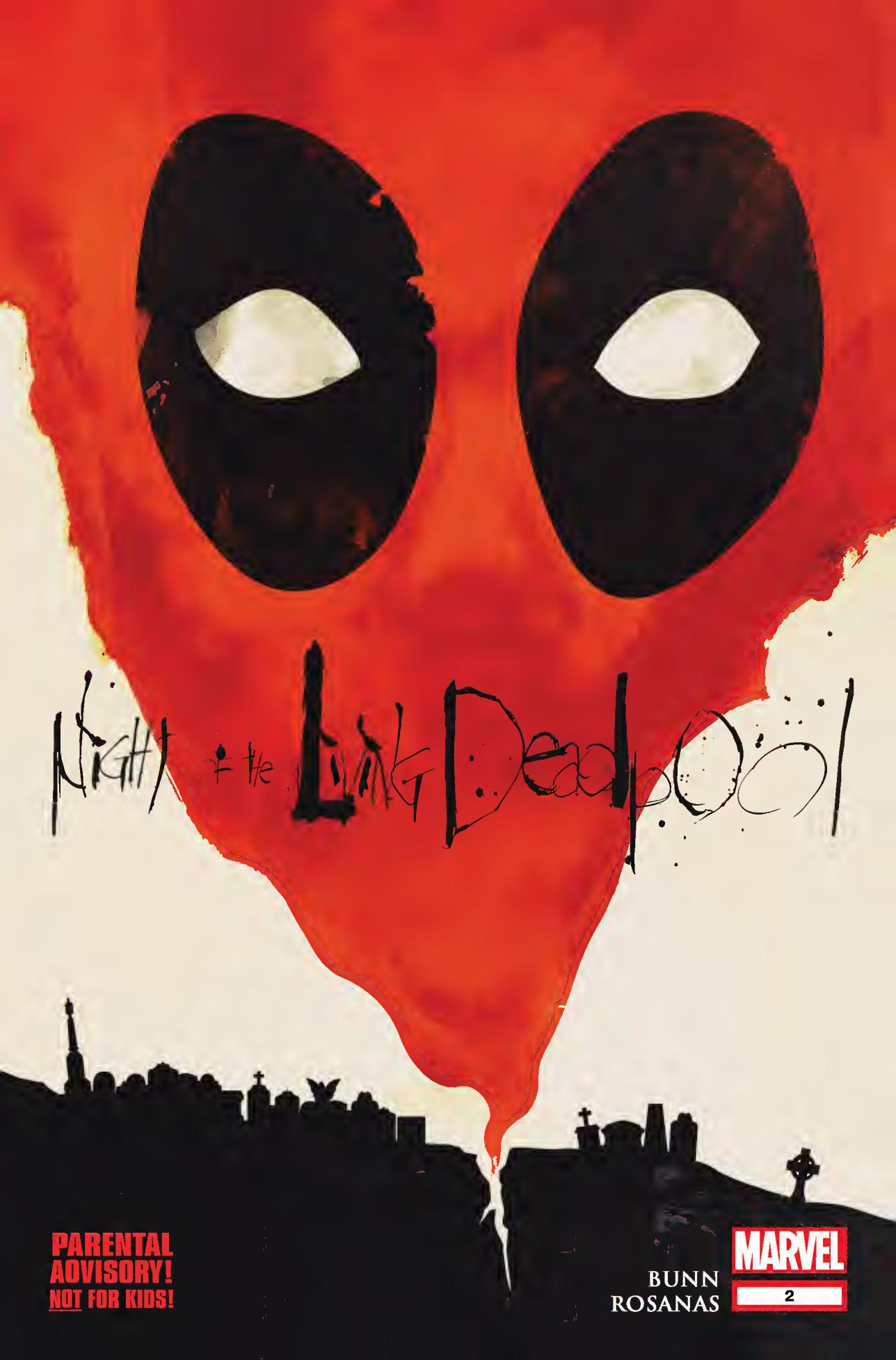
NEAR
AS I CAN TELL...
AS FAR AS
HEROES GO...

...YOU'RE
THE ONLY
ONE LEFT.

 TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT ISSUE:





Night of the Living Deadpool

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!**

BUNN
ROSANAS

MARVEL

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL

THE ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE? YEAH—THAT HAPPENED.

DEADPOOL WAS NOT 100% SURE HOW IT HAPPENED, BECAUSE...HE WASN'T REALLY PAYING ATTENTION. HEY, HE HAD STUFF ON HIS MIND! THERE WERE THINGS TO DO, ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT-TACOS TO EAT! BUT WHEN HE WOKE FROM HIS FOOD COMA, IT WAS ALL OVER—THE CITY WAS OVERRUN AND PRETTY MUCH ABANDONED.

WHEN HE FINALLY ENCOUNTERED THESE AMBLING DEAD, HE FOUND THEM A LITTLE DIFFERENT THAN HE'D EXPECTED. THEY COULD TALK. OR AT LEAST, THE PERSON THEY ONCE WERE COULD TALK, THEIR BRAIN TRAPPED INSIDE THEIR FLESH-EATING BODY UNTIL IT WASTED AWAY.

IT WAS OFF-PUTTING.

JUST BEFORE HE HIMSELF WAS OVERWHELMED BY UNDEAD TEETHING, A FEW FELLOW SURVIVORS PULLED UP IN A SWEET RIDE AND SAVED HIS BACON. JOINING THEM IN TRYING TO GET THE HELL OUT OF THE CITY, DEADPOOL ASKED WHY THE SUPER HEROES DIDN'T STOP THESE MOUTHY SHAMBLERS.

TURNS OUT HE'S THE ONLY SUPER HERO LEFT.

CULLEN BUNN RAMON ROSANAS
WRITER ARTIST

VC'S JOE SABINO JAY SHAW JORDAN D. WHITE
WRITER COVER ARTIST EDITOR

AXEL ALONSO JOE QUESADA DAN BUCKLEY ALAN FINE
EDITOR IN CHIEF CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER PUBLISHER EXEC. PRODUCER

ONE THING I'VE
ALWAYS HATED
ABOUT NEW
YORK CITY...

ALL THE G#\$%#E#\$
ZOMBIES.

I'M NOT SURE HOW THIS
MESS STARTED, BUT THE
UNDEAD PRETTY MUCH
CAME OUT OF NOWHERE.

AND THEY
SPREAD LIKE
WILDFIRE.

KILL ZOMBIES

CRAB

PPPPHHHump

LIKE
CRABS.

OR ONE
DIRECTION
FANDOM.

SEE...THIS IS HOW
HOLLYWOOD TRIPS
YOU UP.

BUT ME...I WAKE
UP FROM A LITTLE
NAP...

...AND THE ONLY THING
WAITING FOR ME IS A
BUNCH OF SPACED-OUT
BRAIN-EATERS FROM
BEYOND THE GRAVE.

I'M
SUPPOSED
TO...

...CONSERVE...
...AMMUNITION?

IN THE MOVIES, IF
A GUY WAKES UP
FROM A COMA, A
'90'S-ERA SANDRA
BULLOCK PROFESSES
HER LOVE TO HIM.

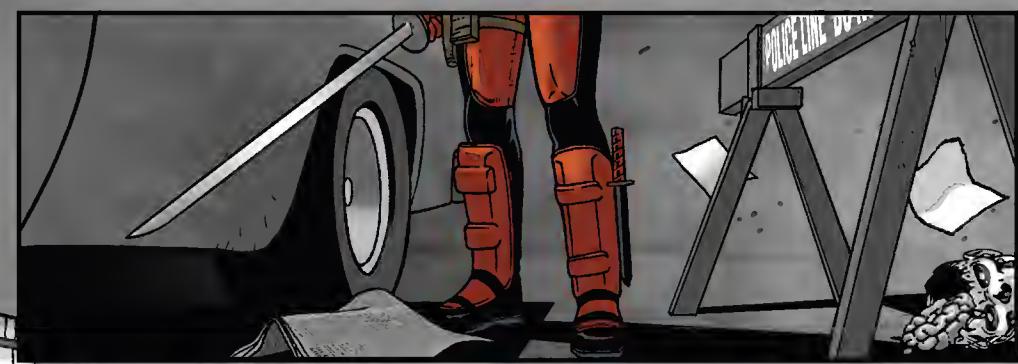
DON'T
WASTE YOUR
AMMO!

WE RUN OUT,
THERE'S NO TELLING
WHEN WE'LL GET THE
CHANCE TO STOCK
UP AGAIN.

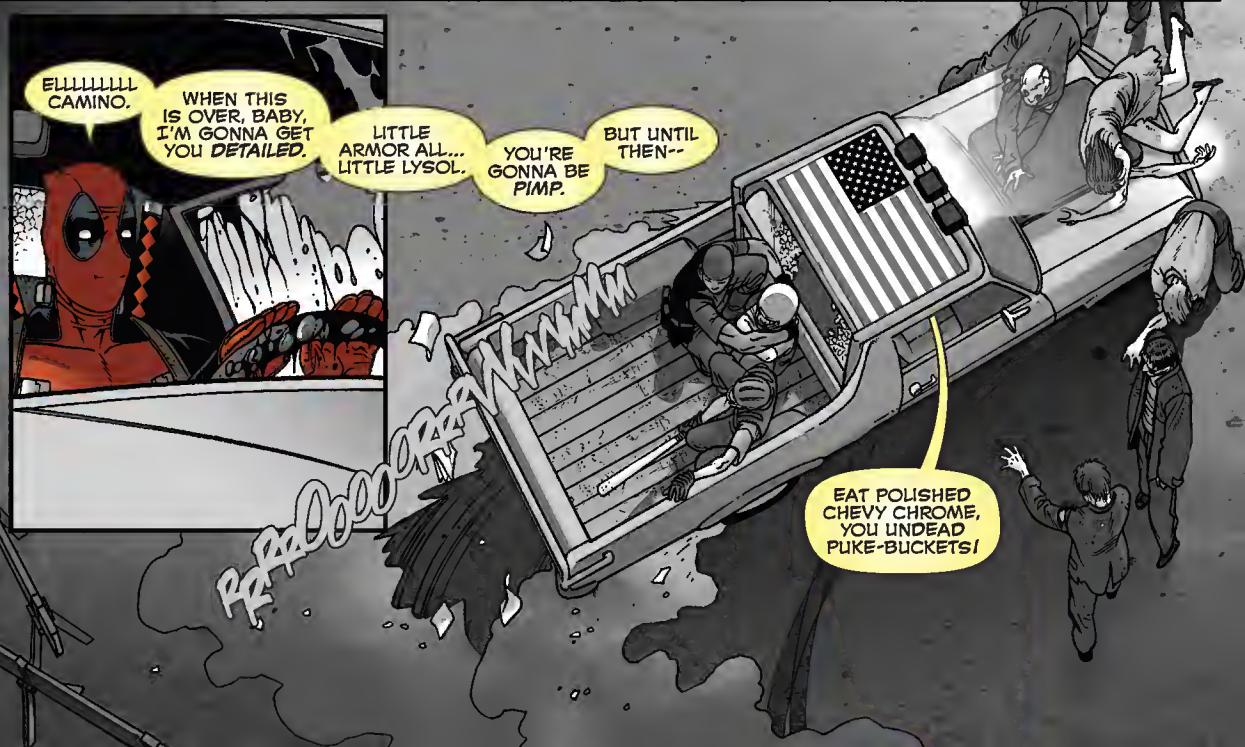
THAT WILL
TAKE SOME
GETTING USED TO.













ONE WEEK.

"SO THE CITY...THAT AIN'T GONNA WORK OUT FOR US."

"WE'LL FIND SOMEPLACE ELSE TO RIDE OUT THE STORM."

"I'M NOT SURE HOW... OR WHERE...BUT WE'LL FIND...SOMETHING."

TWO WEEKS.

NAH.

AND I THOUGHT MALL WALKERS WERE ANNOYING WHEN THEY WERE ALIVE!

S.W.A.T.

THREE WEEKS.

NAH.

NO FARMHOUSES FOR ME.

DAH-LING, I LOVE YOU BUT GIMME PARK AVENUE.

FOUR WEEKS.

JOIN US."

NO THANKS.

I HEAR THE POISON IVY IN THIS NECK OF THE WOODS IS HANDSY.

S.W.A.T.

 **FIVE WEEKS.**

DON'T
THINK SO.

I MEAN...IF
THERE ARE NO
COTTON CANDY OR
FUNNEL CAKES,
WHAT'S THE
POINT?

PARK

 **SIX WEEKS.**

I GOT THE
ESSENTIALS!

GO-
GO-GO-
GO!

THE
WINCHESTER
ART

COMING
SOON
PORTSMOUTH
BEER
FESTIVAL

 **SEVEN WEEKS.**

NAH.

TOO
INSTITUTIONAL.

 **EIGHT WEEKS.**

HUP! HUP!
HUP!

ALL RIGHT,
DEADPOOL
SCOUTS!

I WISH
YOU'D STOP
CALLING US
THAT.

REQUEST
NOTED, DEADPOOL
SCOUT RADCLIFF!

REQUEST DENIED,
DEADPOOL SCOUT
RADCLIFF!

KEEP UP WITH
THE SASS-MOUTH
AND YOU'LL NEVER GET
THAT CONGENIALITY
MERIT BADGE.

THIS LOOKS
LIKE A PRETTY
SWEET SPOT TO
MAKE CAMP.

AND THE WAY
MY DOGS ARE
BARKING, I CAN
TELL THEY
AGREE!

I SAY WE'RE
JUST ABOUT OUT
OF FOOD.

BUT...
BUT...

WHAT ABOUT
MY EVENING
S'MORES?

WE'VE GOT
A GRANOLA
BAR.

SPLIT
FOUR WAYS...
THAT'S...

...NOT
MUCH.

ANYBODY
WANNA THUMB-
WRESTLE FOR
THEIR SHARE?

I DON'T
MEAN TO
BRAG, BUT
I--

I...

LET'S START
A CAMPFIRE,
GET SOME
MARSHMALLOWS
TOASTING, AND
START TELLING SOME
SPOOOOOOKY
STORIES, HUH?

WHAT
D'YA SAY?

I'M
NOT REALLY
ALL THAT
HUNGRY.

THE KIDS
CAN HAVE MY
SHARE.

I'M JUST
GONNA GET
SOME SHUT-EYE...
YOU KNOW...ENJOY
THE PEACE AND
QUIET.

DO YOU
REALIZE...WE
HAVEN'T SEEN
A DEAD-HEAD
IN DAYS.

I DUNNO...



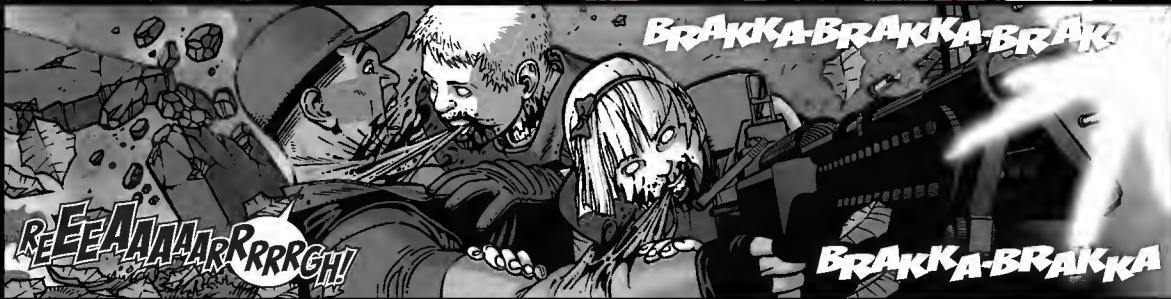


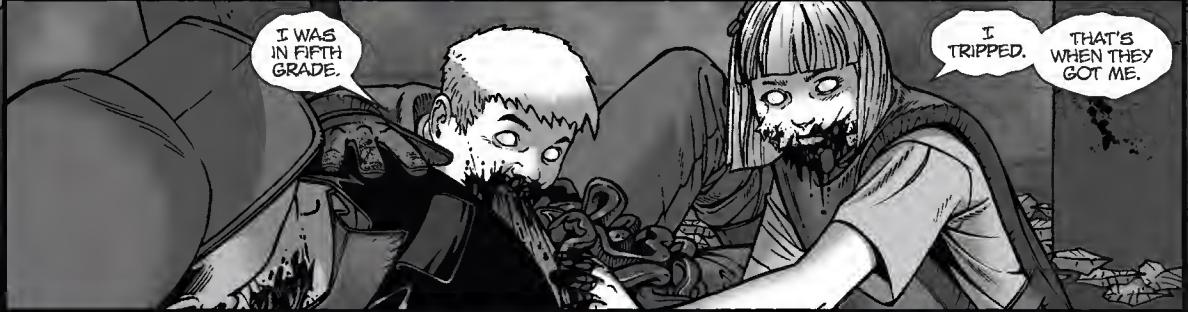


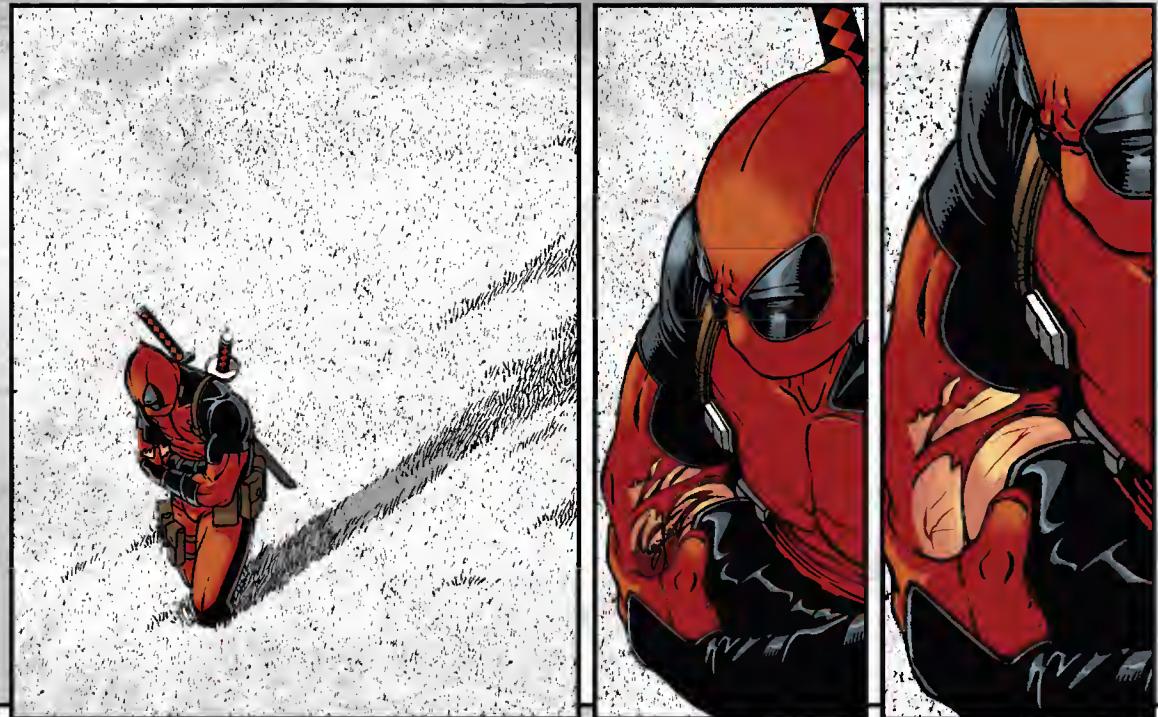


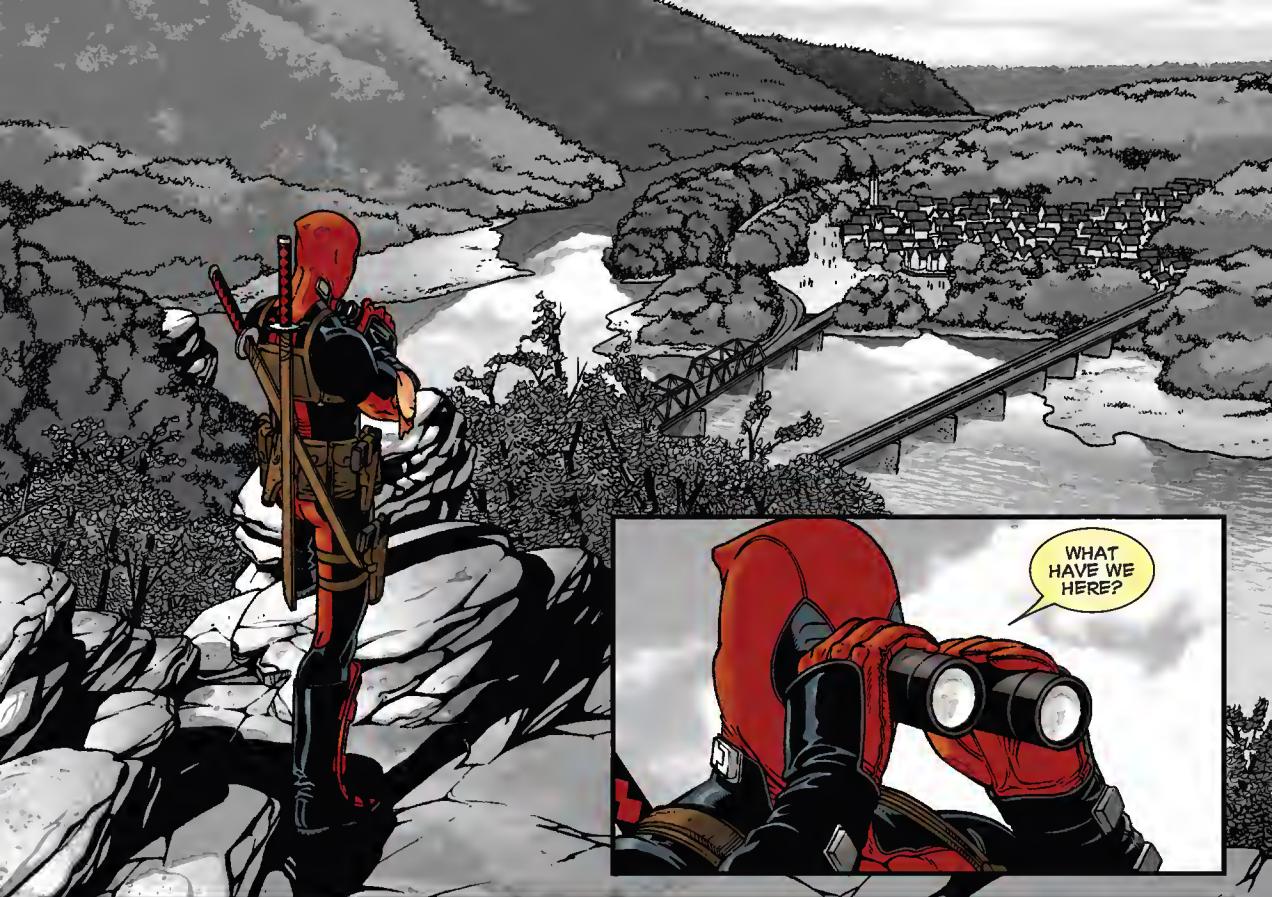


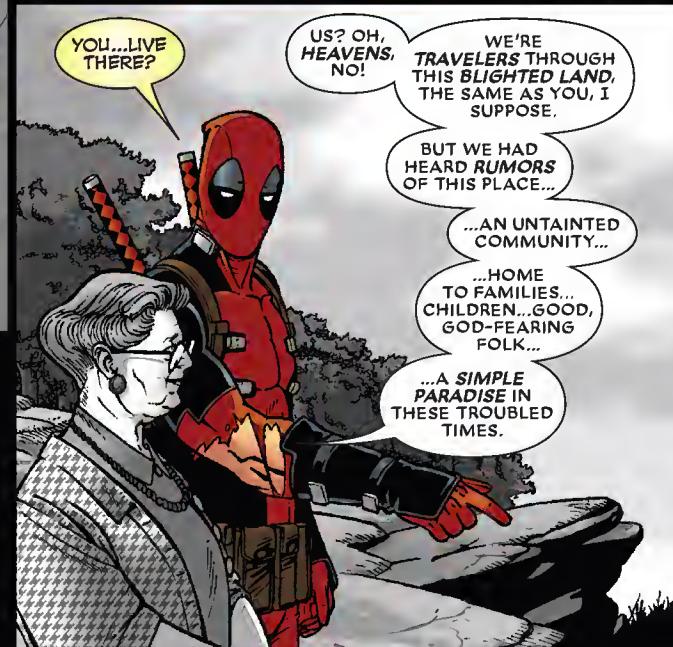
JESUS!













TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT ISSUE:

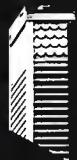


MARVEL

3

PARENTAL
ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!

BUNN
ROSANAS



NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL

A WORLD OVERRUN BY ZOMBIES IS NOT AS MUCH FUN AS IT LOOKS.

WHEN DEADPOOL WOKE UP TO FIND A WORLD OF AMBULATORY UNDEAD, HE THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE LOTS OF FUN—
LIKE THAT MOVIE WITH THE ZOMBIES IN IT. INSTEAD, IT TURNED OUT TO BE REALLY DEPRESSING—
LIKE THAT TV SHOW WITH THE ZOMBIES IN IT.

THE FACT THAT THESE ZOMBIES CAN TALK, THE BRAIN OF THE PERSON THEY ONCE WERE CRYING OUT IN SORROW AND FEAR FROM THE MOUTH OF THE DEADLY FLESH-EATERS, WAS THE FIRST KINDA DEPRESSING BIT. THEN THE TWO YOUNG KIDS IN THE GROUP OF SURVIVORS 'POOL HOOKED UP WITH TURNED ZED AND DEADPOOL HAD TO, YOU KNOW...DEAL WITH THEM. EVEN GOT BIT BY THEM, BUT THE OL' HEALING FACTOR STAVED OFF ANY TROUBLE, THERE.

SINCE THEN, THE OLD M. WITH THE M. HAS WANDERED THE WILDERNESS...UNTIL HE SPOTTED A POTENTIAL OASIS—A SMALL TOWN THAT SEEMED TO HAVE MADE IT THROUGH RELATIVELY UNSCATHED. THEN HE MET THE PACK OF RABID CHURCH LADIES DETERMINED TO WIPE THAT INNOCENT TOWN OFF THE FACE OF THE PLANET.

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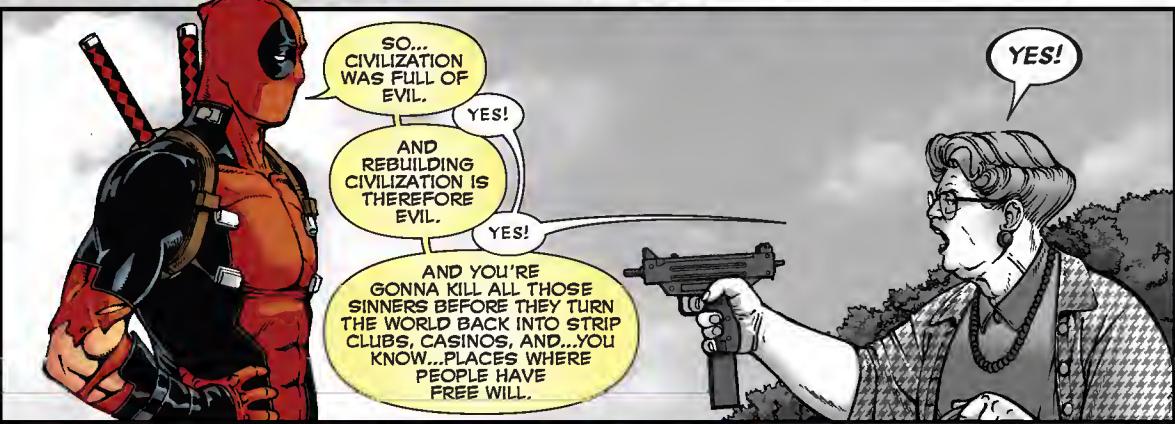
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...HOW IN THE NAME OF TRUCK SUIT BEYONDER DID I GET HERE?





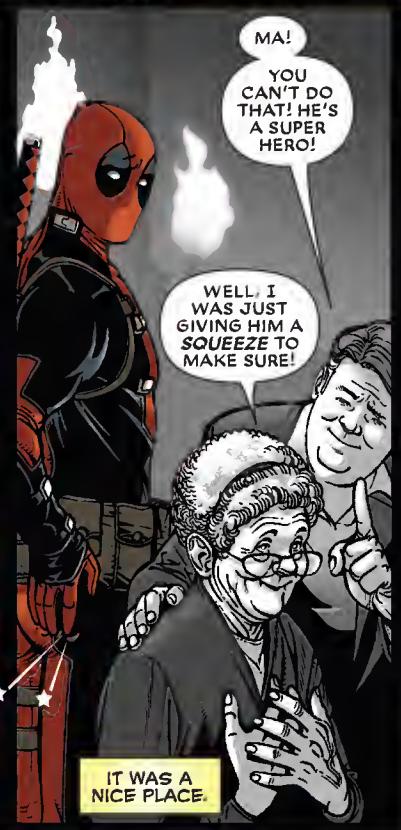


IT TOOK THE PEOPLE OF NEW HARPER'S FERRY (AS THEY CALLED IT) A BIT TO GET PAST THE WHOLE "HANDFUL OF SEVERED HEADS" THING.

(BIRTHDAYS MUST'VE BEEN REAL BORING FOR THEM GROWING UP.)

BUT SOON ENOUGH, THEY REALIZED THAT I HAD SAVED THEM FROM A PACK OF RAVING LOONIES.

AND THEY WELCOMED ME WITH OPEN ARMS.



A PLACE TO
START OVER.

PEACEFUL.

COMPLETELY
CLUELESS...BUT
PEACEFUL.

SOMEBODY HAD TO
MAKE SURE THEY GET
A FIGHTING CHANCE.

LIKE I SAID...
COMPLETELY
CLUELESS.

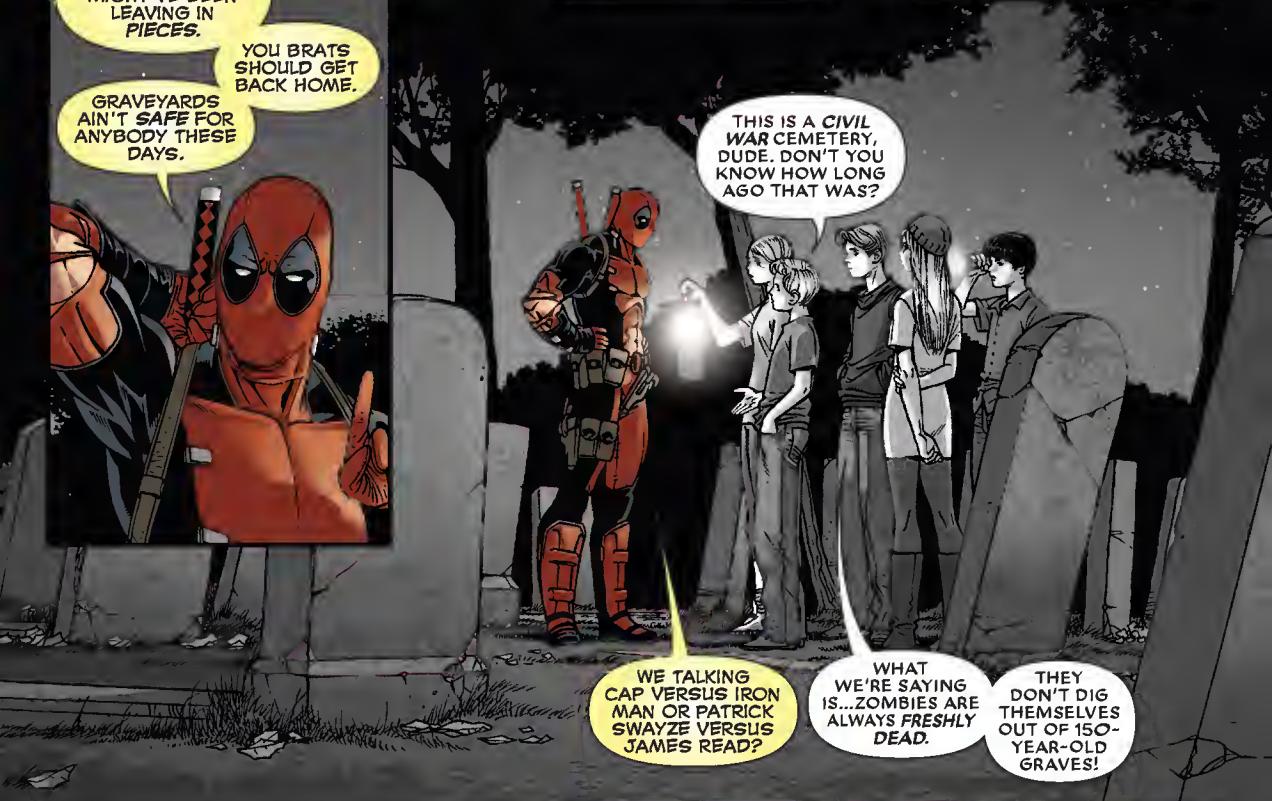
OWWW.

WOUND'S
GONE--WHY'S IT
STILL HURT? HEALING
FACTOR ON THE
BLINK?

OLD ZOMBIE
BITES, CARPAL
TUNNEL, AND
REPETITIVE HAND
MOTION SHOULDN'T
BE GIVING A GUY
LIKE ME ANY
TROUBLE.

MAYBE
I--

SNAP





SO THIS
IS WHERE YOUR
OTHER HERO
HANGS OUT?

NO OFFENSE...
BUT AS FAR AS
SUPER HERO
HEADQUARTERS
GO...THIS
SUCKS!

SUPER HERO
CRIBS SMELL MORE
LIKE TESTOSTERONE
AND B.O.

LESS LIKE
MOLD AND
FERTILIZER.

UNLESS
THIS IS WHERE
MAN-THING HANGS
HIS HAT, BECAUSE...
COOL.

THE GUY...
CLARENCE SYKES...
LIVES IN THE HOUSE.
HE JUST HIDES HIS
COSTUME OUT
HERE.

CREEEAK

SEE?
WHAT DID I
TELL YOU?

ALL RIGHT,
KIDS. TIME
TO SCURRY
HOME.

ME AND MY
NEW COSTUMED
COMPADRE NEED
TO HAVE A LITTLE
CHAT.

YOU
KNOW...

"...HERO TO HERO."

UHH---

NO Sudden
MOVES,
BOZO.

OTHERWISE
I MIGHT BE
FORCED TO DO
SOMETHING...

...DECAPITATIONY.

Y-YOU'RE
DEADPOOL.

I HEARD
YOU WERE
IN TOWN.

THAT'S
RIGHT, CLARENCE.
YOUR FRIENDS
AND NEIGHBORS
TOOK ME IN.

AND NOW I
FEEL LIKE IT'S MY
DUTY TO PROTECT
THEM FROM MURDEROUS
CHURCH LADIES AND
ZOMBIES AND ALL THE
A.I.M. SCIENTISTS
HIDING IN THEIR
MIDST.

H-HOW
DID YOU
KNOW?

NOBODY
KEEP S A SECRET
IDENTITY IN A
SMALL TOWN.



"YOU MUST UNDERSTAND. WE WERE ALL BELIEVERS."

"WE WERE SCIENTISTS, YES, BUT WE SHARED A COMMON FAITH."



"WHAT WE WERE DOING...IT WAS FOR THE BETTERMENT OF MANKIND."

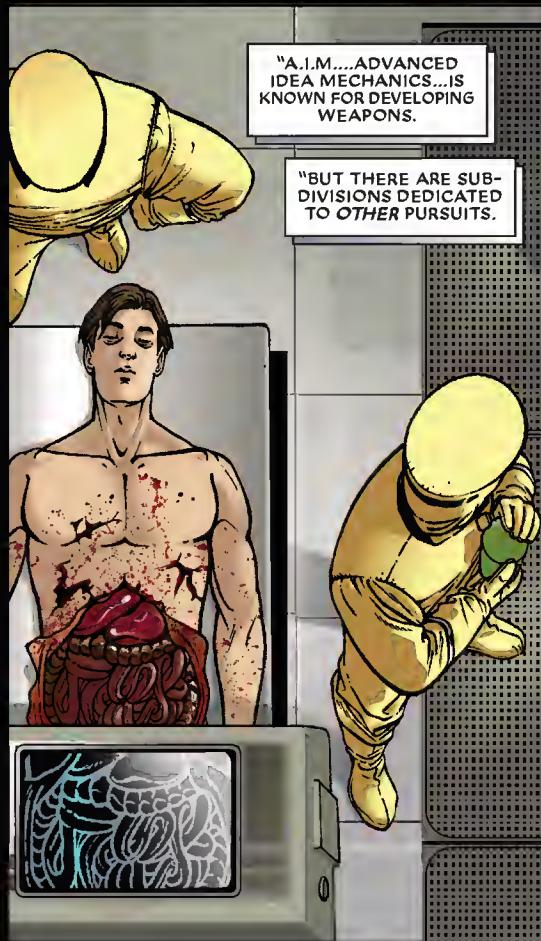
"FIRST AND FOREMOST, IT WAS FOR INCREASED PROFIT MARGINS...BUT A BETTER WORLD WAS A DEFINITE SECONDARY CONSIDERATION."



"A.I.M...ADVANCED IDEA MECHANICS...IS KNOWN FOR DEVELOPING WEAPONS."

"BUT THERE ARE SUB-DIVISIONS DEDICATED TO OTHER PURSUITS."

"I WAS PART OF A.I.R."



"ADVANCED IDEAS IN REGENERATION."



"WE THOUGHT THAT IF OUR PARENT ORGANIZATION WAS TO BETTER UNDERSTAND THE ART OF DEATH-DEALING..."



"...WE NEEDED TO BETTER UNDERSTAND HEALING PROPERTIES."

"OUR EXPERIMENTS DID NOT GO WELL."



"A FEW OF US MADE IT OUT ALIVE..."



"...BUT THE DAMAGE HAD BEEN DONE."













I CAN FEEL IT...MY
HEALING FACTOR...
KICKING IN...

...PURGING
THE LAST OF THE
DISEASE FROM
MY SYSTEM...

...TELLING ME THERE
ARE SOME WOUNDS
THAT JUST WON'T
HEAL...

...REMINDING ME THAT I
DON'T BELONG ANYWHERE
SO SWEET AND WHOLESOME
AND NAIVE.

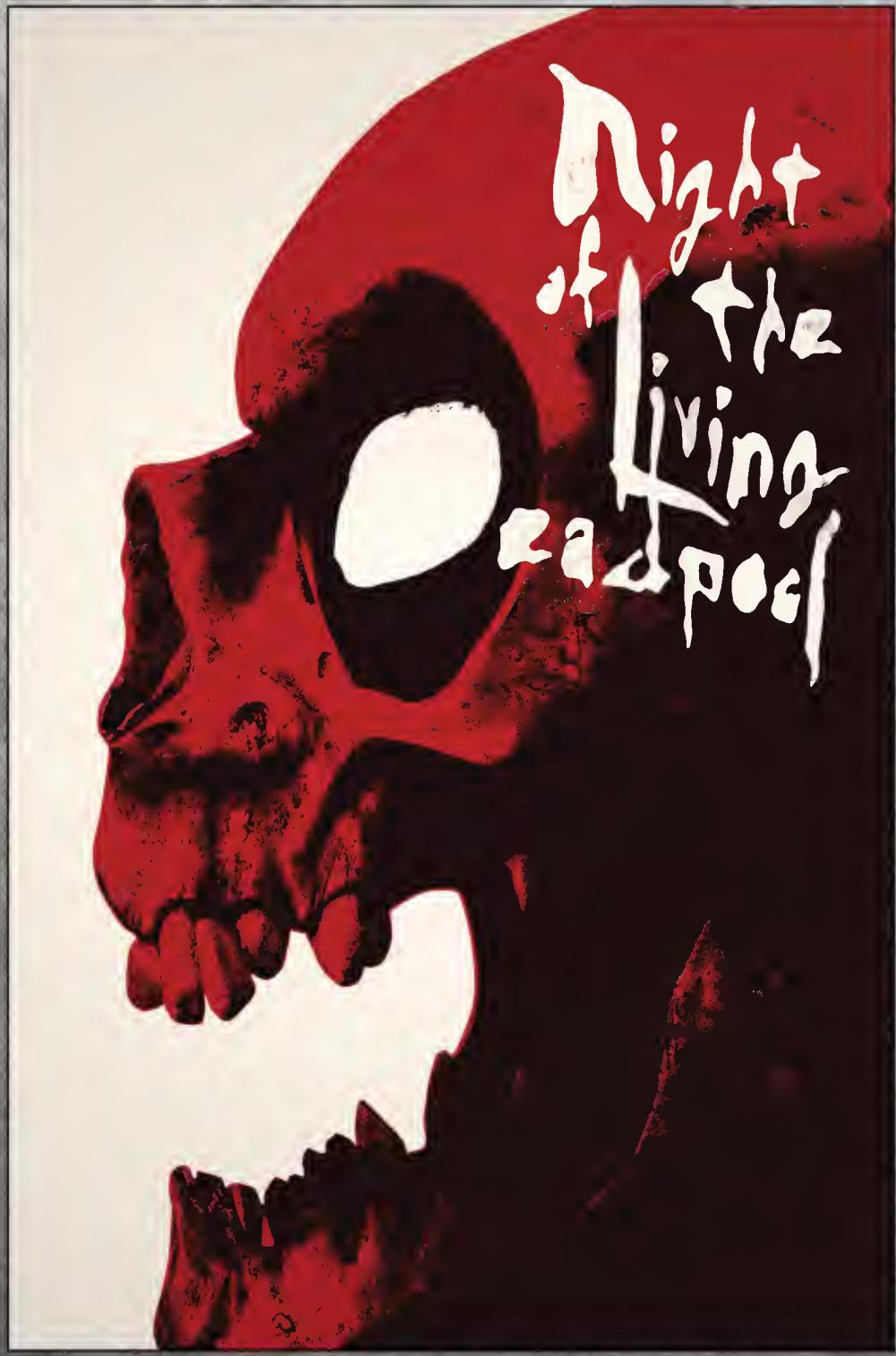
WHAT
HAVE I
DONE?
WHAT
AM I GONNA
DO?

WHO KNEW THE ZOMBIE
APOCALYPSE WOULD
FEEL SO MUCH LIKE A
KICK IN THE JEWELS?

Ramón

 TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT ISSUE:



MARVEL

4

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!**

BUNN
ROSANAS

Night
of the
Living
Deadpool



NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEADPOOL

ZOMBIES. YOU SICK OF 'EM YET?

DEADPOOL SURE IS. IT'S ONE THING TO SEE THEM IN MOVIES, TV, AND COMICS. IT'S ANOTHER TO FIND THEY'VE OVERRUN THE WORLD, KILLING MOST OF THE PEOPLE AND ALL OF THE SUPER HEROES. ADD TO THAT THE UBER-CREEPY FACT THAT THESE ZOMBIES KEEP TALKING UNTIL THE BRAIN ROTS AWAY—"PLEASE KILL ME," "I'M SO SORRY I'M EATING YOU," "WAAAH, WAAAH,"—AND THEY'RE DOWNRIGHT OFF-PUTTING.

FOR A MINUTE THERE, IT LOOKED LIKE DEADPOOL MIGHT HAVE FOUND A PLACE TO SETTLE DOWN, A TOWN THAT HAD MADE IT THROUGH THE MADNESS RELATIVELY UNSCATHED. IT COULD'VE BEEN A SECOND CHANCE...HECK, IT ALREADY HAD BEEN FOR CLARENCE, THE FORMER A.I.M. AGENT, LIVING AMONG THE INNOCENT TOWNSFOLK, WHOSE EXPERIMENTS WITH HEALING FACTORS LIKE DEADPOOL'S PROBABLY CAUSED THE EPIDEMIC IN THE FIRST PLACE.

IT ALSO LOOKED LIKE DEADPOOL'S HEALING FACTOR HAD STOPPED HIM FROM BEING TURNED BY A ZOMBIE BITE. LOOKS CAN BE DECEIVING. HIS HEALING FACTOR HELD OFF HIS ZOMBIFICATION FOR A WHILE, AND IT EVENTUALLY OVERPOWERED THIS Z-VIRUS AND TURNED HIM BACK TO NORMAL...BUT NOT BEFORE HE ZOMBIED OUT AND COMPLETELY DESTROYED THE TOWN THAT TOOK HIM IN.

CULLEN BUNN
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HELLO. I'M
DEADPOOL.

AND I'M
A RECOVERING
FLESH-EATING
CANNIBAL.

I WANT TO SAY
IT'S NOT MY
FAULT.

I MEAN, I
THOUGHT MY
HEALING FACTOR
WOULD KEEP ME
FROM GOING
ALL...

...YOU
KNOW...

"BRAINS"...

BUT I
GUESS THE
ONLY THING
I SHOULD BE
SAYING IS--

"Hi,
DEADPOOL!"

I GUESS THIS
IS THE PART WHERE
I OWN UP TO ALL THE
PAIN AND MISERY THAT
BEING TEMPORARILY
UNDEAD AND...YOU
KNOW...EATING PEOPLE...
HAS CAUSED FOR ME
AND FOR THE PEOPLE
AROUND ME.

BUT
SOMETHING
TELLS ME THAT
PART OF THE
STORY'S ALREADY
BEEN SPOILED
FOR YOU.





WE'RE GONNA FIX THE WHOLE, WIDE WORLD.

AND NO BODY IS GONNA STOP US!

GET IT?

NO BODY?

I GOTTA MILLION OF 'EM!

YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW OFTEN DECAPITATION JOKES COME IN HANDY IN MY LINE OF WORK.

I WAS GONNA WIN THE NOBEL PRIZE.

YEAH, SO YOU SAID.

BUT I'M PRETTY SURE WORKING FOR A TERRORIST ORGANIZATION LIKE A.I.M. PRECLUDES YOU FROM NOMINATION.

HERE'S WHAT I'M CURIOUS ABOUT...

YOU'RE JUST A HEAD. YOU'VE GOT NO LUNGS... AND EVEN IF YOU DID, YOU DON'T BREATHE.

SO HOW IS IT YOU'RE STILL TALKING?

IF THIS IS JUST ANOTHER HALLUCINATION, I'M GONNA BE REALLY EMBARRASSED.

...SO LEAD THE WAY, CLARENCE!

I HAD A NICE UNIFORM... I WAS PART OF A TEAM.

HEAD IN THE GAME, CLARENCE. HEAD IN THE GAME.

HEH.

I DUNNO.

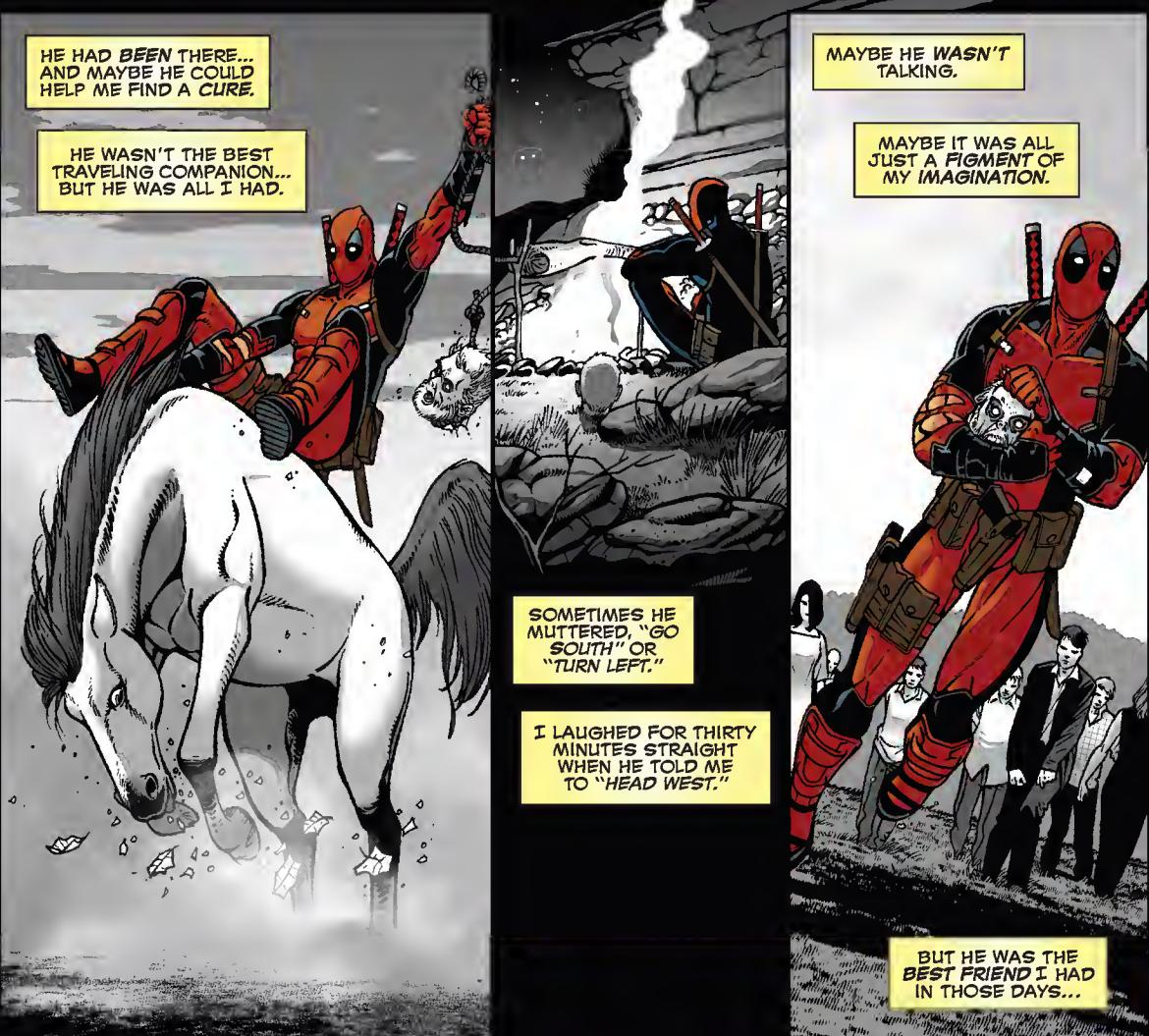
MAYBE I WAS DREAMING.



BUT BEFORE HE DIED...

...WELL, BEFORE I TOOK A BIG BITE OUT OF HIM AND TURNED HIM INTO A ZOMBIE...

...CLARENCE HAD SAID THAT THE OUTBREAK HAD STARTED WITH EXPERIMENTS WITH HEALING FACTORS.











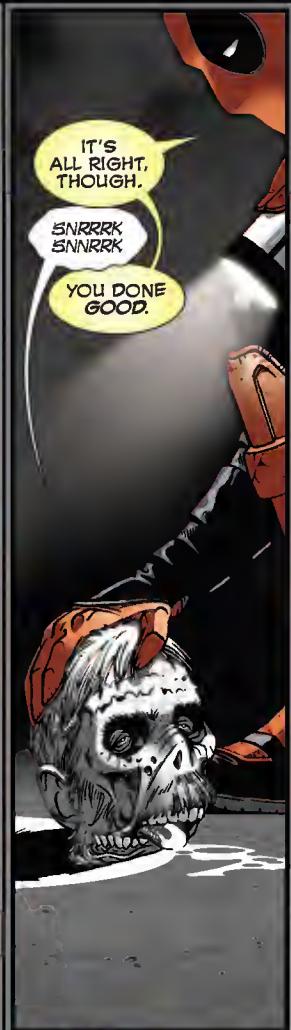


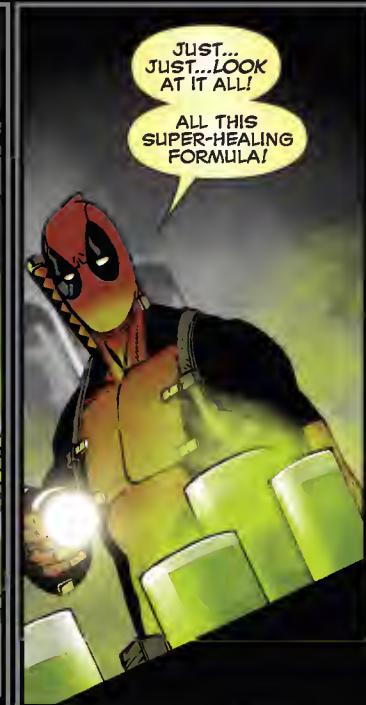












SO...THEY WERE
RIGHT ON TOP
OF ME.

NO DEAD-HEAD
SCIENTISTS TO
HELP ME.

EXITS
AND ESCAPES.
BRILLIANCE.

NOT MY STYLE
ANYHOW.

ONLY ONE
THING LEFT TO
DO, AND THAT'S
SOMETHING--

NO TIME TO HUNT AND
PECK MY WAY THROUGH
DEVELOPING A CURE
FOR THE ZOMBIE VIRUS.

THERE WERE NO
OTHER EXITS...NO
BRILLIANT ESCAPE
PLANS.

-- REALLY
STUPID!

NOT MUCH OF A
PLAN... REALLY...

...MORE LIKE
AN ACT OF
DESPERATION...

GWOMP!

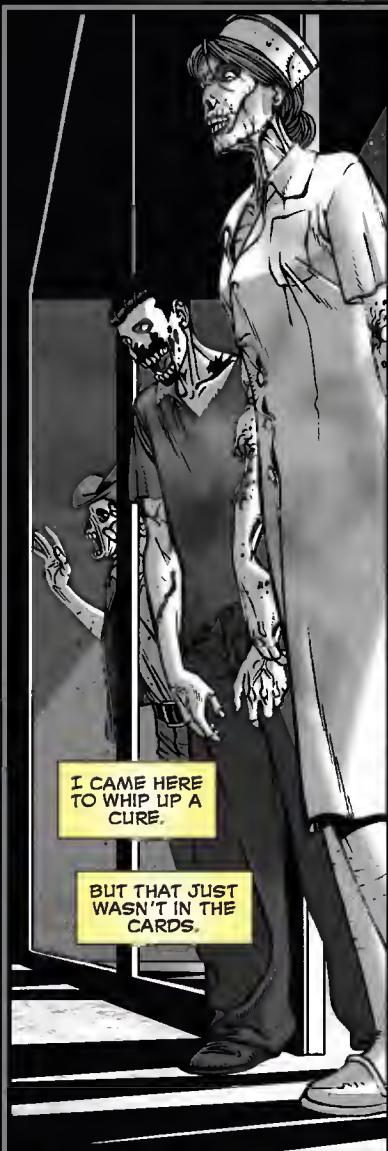
...PUMPING MYSELF FULL
OF DEADPOOL HEALING
FACTOR GO-GO JUICE...

...HOPING IT KEEPS
ME FROM GOING ALL
CANNIBALISTIC.

ALL RIGHT
YOU SOULLESS
PUKES.

LET'S
CHA-CHA.





YOU UNDEAD ASS-HATS GONNA WANDER AROUND AIMLESSLY?

OR ARE YOU GONNA GET YOURSELVES A TASTE OF THIS MOUTH-WATERING HUNK OF MAN?

STEP ON UP.

THE BUFFET IS OPEN FOR BUSINESS.

THAT'S HOW THE OLD SAYING GOES, RIGHT?

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, LET THEM EAT YOU ALIVE.

ZOMBIES BITING DOWN TO THE BONE, LAPPING UP MARROW.

THESE ZOMBIE BITES PLAY HAVOC WITH MY HEALING FACTOR.

BUT THE SERUM... PACKS ONE HELL OF AN INFECTIOUS KICK.



INSTEAD OF HUNGER,
THERE WAS...

...MY HEALING
FACTOR...

...MY
CONSCIOUSNESS...

...INFECTING ZOMBIE
AFTER ZOMBIE...

...AN ARMY OF
DEADPOOLS GROWING
ONE BITE AT A TIME.

WHAT ONE SAW, WE ALL SAW.
WHEN ONE OF US HAD A DIRTY
THOUGHT, WE ALL GIGGLED.

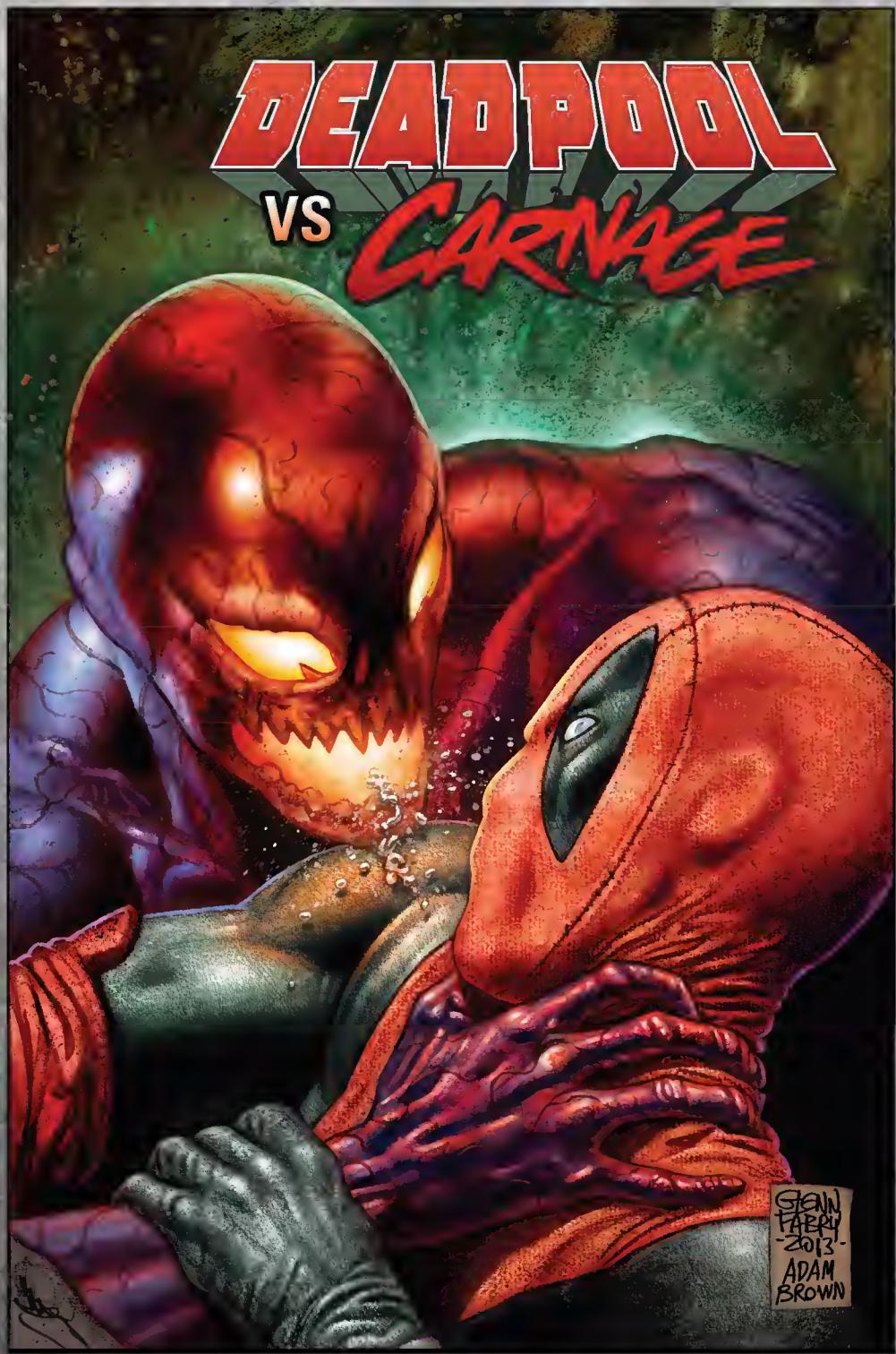
AND AS AWARENESS SPREAD
FROM ONE UNDEAD BODY TO
THE NEXT, I COULD ONLY THINK
ONE, UNIFIED THOUGHT.

OMNIPOTENCE
WON'T BE ALL
THAT BAD.

Ramona

END?

NEXT ISSUE:



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